

# Daily Eagle

W. A. JONES, Editor.  
H. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

**STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET.**  
Associate Justice.....W. A. JONES  
Governor.....H. M. MURDOCK  
Lieutenant Governor.....W. C. EDWARDS  
Secretary of State.....GEO. E. COLE  
Auditor of State.....OTIS L. ARTHUR  
Attorney General.....F. R. LAWRENCE  
Supt. Public Instruction.....E. STANLEY

**FOR CONGRESS:**  
First District.....CASS FROEDERICK  
Second District.....S. S. KIRKPATRICK  
Third District.....W. A. CALDERHEAD  
Fourth District.....A. H. ELLIS  
Fifth District.....C. H. ELLIS  
Sixth District.....C. H. ELLIS  
Seventh District.....C. H. ELLIS  
Congressman at Large.....R. W. BLAKE

## REPUBLICAN STATE PLATFORM.

Re-affirming the Republican national platform of 1892.  
Resolved, First: That the constant patriotism of our party is in itself a guarantee to the nation that the interests of its defenders, its widows and orphans, will be liberally cared for and its debtors will be promptly and honestly paid by the present Democratic administration.

Second: We adhere to the Republican doctrine of protection, and believe that tariff laws should protect the products of the farm, as well as of the factory.

Third: The American people favor industrialism and the Republican party favors the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, and that the purchasing and gold paying power of the dollar, whether of gold or silver, shall be maintained at all times equal.

Fourth: We favor national and state legislation for the encouragement of irrigation.

Fifth: We denounce the present state administration for its violation of the laws and contempt of the courts, the corruption and incompetency of its officials, its gross mismanagement of the state institutions, and for the discredit it has brought upon the good name of the state.

Sixth: To the maintenance of these principles we invite the support of all patriotic citizens.

Receipt for chigger bites: "Keep off the grass."

The Gougar woman is booked for a speech in Wichita.

The Wichita Cooking club appears to have cooked Miss Shaw's goose.

The formation of that Gas stove trust will make the people burn with indignation.

The best way for the tax-ridden easterner to gain ground is to buy Kansas farms.

The Democratic party is not dead in Oregon. There is one Democrat in the state legislature.

E. N. Morrill was born on Lincoln's birthday, and Lincoln was assassinated on W. C. Edwards' birthday.

As between the gold reserve and price of wheat, the former appears to be beating the latter in the race for the bottom.

Perhaps Governor Leavelle would feel better if the Populist platform did not fail to fall on the neck of the tramp.

A man named Cook is now the leading outlaw of the Indian Territory. The deputy marshals should also attend to his goose.

Hong Kong is suffering from the black plague and the citizens of Mississippi are wondering why the people do not try lynching.

Just as a diversion the Populist papers might announce just now that the movement is making "wonderful progress in the South."

Bullet-proof coats may be all right, but in times of difficulty in Oklahoma, men will continue to cover themselves with a revolver.

Governor McKinley announces that owing to the coal mine difficulties in his state he will be unable to fill his appointment at Ottawa.

Perhaps old man Waite could be induced to talk again if some one would furnish him a new vocabulary with which he could wad his lungs.

The ancient Midas turned everything he touched into gold. The United States senator isn't so expert, but he is accomplished at transforming sugar.

It cannot be true that Mrs. Lease is a child of destiny. If destiny had anything to do with her, it would have seen that she was born a man in the first place.

George T. Anthony says he would not take an election to congress much less a nomination. Funston and Buchanan, it is plain to be seen, are going to be forced to fight it out.

Buchanan and Funston intend to stay in the fight until the last, but the delegates who are voting for them will probably fall over from exhaustion at about the 11,874th ballot.

Remember, kind parent, that no boy was ever known to have gone swimming without consent, and that there is no place a boy will perspire so much as through his hair.

Chinese physicians are firing off crackers to cure their patients. In this country on the Fourth of July the physicians let their patients fire off the crackers and they do the rest.

Captain Kirk of Wichita, has received a medal for bravery from the government. As a rule Wichita men do not have to wear suspenders on their souls to keep up their courage.

There was too much work when the Republicans were in and the laboring man didn't want to work more than eight hours a day. Where, oh, where is the eight-hour movement now.

The dispatches containing a pathetic letter from "a poor sewing woman," at Leavenworth, who gave of her scant savings to further the Pop cause. It turns out that the poor woman has two children drawing fifteen hundred dollars a year from the state under Pop government.

## BETTER TIMES AHEAD.

It having been settled that Democratic "tariff reform" is dead, beyond possible resurrection, and that the McKinley schedule will practically remain in force, hope revives in the land, and industries of every conceivable character are but waiting the short period remaining for the final passage of a bill which is to leave, practically, everything unchanged from what they were during the prosperous days of the Harrison administration. The uncertainty and doubt which have threatened the country, since November '92, are disappearing with the certainty that the present administration can by no combination of its discordant elements crystallize its free trade platform into law.

So distrust and uncertainty which looked up all of the available capital of the country, which closed its factories, sequenced every conceivable value and depressed the prices of all products, are giving way to the faith that is born of certainty. In the meantime the struggling debtor has canceled his individual obligations or otherwise unloaded and gone to the wall, which leaves the greatest opportunity for a profitable investment of the sequestered millions ever offered probably within the memory of the present generation. It is unquestionably true that there is not a single value known to the tax list but that is offering at figures of greater or less margin, to be realized in the very near future. There is no longer any chance of making an unprofitable investment in anything anywhere in the entire country. This fact being realized by everybody, the only thing wanting being the close of the tariff fight and adjournment of congress for general resumption of life and activity all along the line.

With the tariff discussion out of the way and the apprehension which it caused eliminated, the return of prosperous times will be as sudden, in all probability, as was the appearance of the conditions which, like a cloud, so suddenly overshadowed with discouragement and distrust every interest of the country when the accession to power of the Democratic party was announced.

Kansas was never in so good shape for realizing on renewed opportunities. There is nothing her people own or control which is not a good investment to either buy or to hold. All her real and personal properties are held at less than half their true value, measured by any ordinary times. It is the same in town and country, everywhere throughout the state. With good crop prospects and her inhabitants self-sustaining, a return of confidence and of good times to the land at large means prosperity for Kansas.

## HOW MONEY GROWS.

One hundred years ago Benjamin Franklin left a legacy of \$5,000 to be held in trust for 100 years. At the end of that time one-half of the proceeds of the trust was to be distributed for educational and charity purposes, and the other half was to be held in trust a second term of 100 years and then distributed in like manner. The first term expired last week, and it was found that the fund had grown into \$400,000, one-half of it being subject to distribution. These figures show a total fund of exactly eighty times the original bequest. At the same ratio the remaining principal of \$200,000, at the end of the second term, will foot up \$16,000,000. Not an insignificant sum to be divided between a few mendicant colleges and the demands of charity. But, come to think of it, Grover Cleveland will not be president during the last decade of the twentieth century, and it may even be expected that the recuperative energies of the people will have bridged them over the disastrous effects of the reform policy of this administration. Let us hope that the call for charity will diminish at even greater ratio than the above increase over the principal, and that the entire fund may be turned toward the noble cause of education. But where will Tammany be? Who will be wasting oratory on the Wilson bill, and what of the snug little sum put away by a single senator from his deal in sugar shares? Eighty times \$2,000,000—it makes us dizzy.

## NOT SO EASILY ANSWERED.

PROTECTOR, KAN., June 16, '94.

To the Editor of the Eagle:

I would very much like to have the EAGLE's opinion in regard to the following: Can a man be a member of the G. A. R. in good standing, who will cut a comrade's name from a ticket, and vote for an ex-rebel? Can he conscientiously do so?

Would such a man be worthy the respect and fellowship of the better element of the Grand Army? Just at present this is a pertinent question, and the EAGLE's comments thereon will be eagerly looked for by

AN OLD SOLDIER.

The question is respectfully referred to the next meeting of Garfield Post. The Grand Army is supposed to know no party, but it is hard to decide questions of conscience when it comes to politics. The fellowship of fraternities seems no bar, in these times, to individual action. But it is quite sure that few ex-confederates could be found who would cut from their tickets the name of a Johnny and replace it with that of a Yank. One of the other hand few will cut the G. A. R. men in Kansas who will cut the name of old Captain Dick Blue and substitute that of the reconstructed General Harris, the high-toned and wealthy calamity howler, who is both an ex-Democrat and an ex-confederate.

The Pop party leaders are much displeased with Leavelle for not investigating the charges of corruption at the penitentiary, and the central committee are threatening to call him to time.

Crocker originally came to America to escape the persecutions of England. Now he goes back to escape the Lexow committee. There is a crying need for a midway island in the Atlantic Ocean.

Every time the big rifle in Washington is fired it costs the government \$700. And every time Governor Altgeld fires off his mouth it costs the state of Illinois \$3,000 a day, for the militia has to be called out.

The stock of gold on hand in this country is estimated by treasury experts to aggregate \$665,000,000. This means that nearly \$600,000,000 is held by the national banks or by private individuals.

and the small remaining balance by the federal government.

Major Morrill said in his speech Saturday night that he would vote for any Democrat who ever lived before he would vote for a Populist. This is because Populist ideas are revolutionary and demoralizing. But the average Democrat thinks he must vote for a Pop for no other reason than to beat a Republican. Morrill is self-sacrificing and patriotic—the Democrat is simply mean.

## OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

It may be opportune to remark at this time that Bill Dalton is still, etc.

The Blackwell Eagle thinks that a dog pound, there, is a "howling necessity."

A carload of wheat, new wheat, was purchased last week for 37½ cents a bushel.

August LaDue who has charge of the Ottawa Indian's toll bridges weighs 400 pounds.

Ponca City is having a great building boom. Most of the structures are of stone and brick.

El Reno ought to appreciate the Daily Globe of that city. It is a fine paper and should be supported.

In an Oklahoma town a man is not considered to have cast his lot with the town until he has bought one.

Judge Guthrie of Reno Eald has made a proposition to the citizens of South Elgin to hold the two townships.

The Guthrie Capital is agitating the question of building a structure large enough to hold the next legislature.

Frank Greer says that when Bill Dalton reached the other shore he was no doubt received with a great display of fireworks.

Since the electric lights were turned on in Ponca City the young men take their arms away when they come to a corner just from force of habit.

According to the Oklahoma City Press-Gazette in some parts of the Indian territory horses are still doing much on the face of the vicious young woman from Cattaraugus county, but only for a moment.

"At least, I have heard people say that she was at that time, but my she has been married ever so long—nearly six months—and, perhaps, they wouldn't say so now! Well, anyhow, this girl—it'll do you no good to ask who she was. You couldn't induce me to tell, not for worlds! This girl worked in one of the cheese factories. In Cattaraugus county, remember. And what you suppose she did, good? Well, she could do anything she wanted to. She actually wrote her name and address on a card, with her age—which was only eighteen—and something about her face and figure. O, it was so silly of her! But it was only for a lark, don't you know? And then—the ridiculous creature—she wrote on the card, 'No Lover Yet.' O, it was too utterly horrid of her! It makes my face burn for her whenever I think how utterly horrid she must have been!"

And the charming young woman's face flashed the utter horridness of the girl from Cattaraugus county, who was heavy on her mind just then.

"So, after she had made the card all ready this awful girl placed it simply in a cheese that was to be shipped away with lots and lots of other cheeses, and by and away it went. Now you mustn't think that because this silly thing wrote on that card that she had no lovers yet; that she couldn't have had one if she chose to, because she could, and a many a one, too! The idea! I guess she could! But, you see, the right one hadn't come yet. There was no young man who was good enough to know of the question. He didn't even know she existed—she, a little silly chit of a goose of a girl that made cheeses, and he rich and handsome and—well, anyhow, silly as she was, she had sense enough to put him out of her mind, though I do believe to this day that she kept some of him in her heart."

"Well, weeks and weeks and weeks went by after the foolish girl's horrid card had gone away buried in the cheese, and the more she thought about the young man she had asked of herself for having done it. Night after night she cried herself to sleep thinking over it—the silly thing! And she got to be so awful that she wished and wished that the car the cheese went away in had run off the track and smashed that cheese, or that something else terrible had happened to it. My! but she was desperate!"

One day, six weeks after the card had been smuggled away, it happened that the richest family in the town and the most delicious girl in the county were visiting in the city. They were from New York City, and they had to send to New York at once and order some of the city merchant filled the order from a lot of cheeses he had just received from England.

Ships have carried precious cargoes across sea I know, but no ship ever bore such precious freight as the one that brought that cheese from England! That is—I mean—so that silly cheese factory girl thinks. Because, one day, a little while after the rich family returned to New York, the English dairy cheese from New York City, she found a letter in the post office addressed to her. And oh, what do you think? It was from the son of that rich family—the nicest little letter! The writer said he had found that awful card—oh, no. He didn't say awful card. He said he had found the girl's card in an old English dairy cheese they had received from New York, and would she deign to let him call and see her? Would she deign to write to his father's house and see her. And he did. And he fell in love with her, the silly thing! And in three months they were married. And oh, how happy they were! And she was so happy ever since! But there will be no use for us to ask me who that horrid girl was. I wouldn't tell you, not for worlds!"

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

from the Chicago Tribune.

A recent bulletin issued by the department of agriculture contains important information on the value and use of leguminous plants for green manuring and for feeding. A chapter of the bulletin entitled "How Plants Get Nitrogen from the Air" is especially valuable, and is in part as follows: "The air we breathe is about four-fifths nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen."

Chautauqua county, too, and so they do in Allegany county, but our cheese is better than any that is made anywhere else, I am sure. And we make all kinds of cheeses. The best imported cheeses are made in Cattaraugus county—every kind of imported cheese. Of course, a good many imported cheeses are made in Chautauqua and Allegany counties, but, oh my! they are hardly worth thinking of by the side of ours.

"What we most pride ourselves on is English dairy cheese. Such lovely old English dairy cheese as we do make! This doesn't become old English dairy cheese, though, until it is sent to England and then shipped back to this country again. It is the same with our fine French, Swiss, German and other imported cheeses. They are made in Cattaraugus county, but they go over to the places they get their names from so they can be sent back to their native land genuinely imported. But, oh my! I shouldn't tell this! But, our cheese is so awfully good! Especially our English dairy cheese. Why don't you know, our best people up in Cattaraugus county never think of buying our own cheese until it goes to England and is imported to New York. Then they send to New York and buy English cheese, paying a great deal more for it than they could have bought it for right at home. My, yes! We are wrapped up so much in English cheese that we have grown to be quite English, up in Cattaraugus. Quite English."

"Well, of course there must be cheese factories to make all of these cheeses, and a great many girls work in these factories—the sweetest and freshest and prettiest girls! In Cattaraugus county, I mean. Perhaps it is the same in Chautauqua and Allegany, but I never heard of it. You just ought to know how sweet and fresh and pretty these cheese factory girls in Cattaraugus are! Well, once one of them—oh-h-h, my!"

Charming confusion mingled for a moment with the still deeper flush on the face of the vicious young woman from Cattaraugus county, but only for a moment.

"At least, I have heard people say that she was at that time, but my she has been married ever so long—nearly six months—and, perhaps, they wouldn't say so now! Well, anyhow, this girl—it'll do you no good to ask who she was. You couldn't induce me to tell, not for worlds! This girl worked in one of the cheese factories. In Cattaraugus county, remember. And what you suppose she did, good? Well, she could do anything she wanted to. She actually wrote her name and address on a card, with her age—which was only eighteen—and something about her face and figure. O, it was so silly of her! But it was only for a lark, don't you know? And then—the ridiculous creature—she wrote on the card, 'No Lover Yet.' O, it was too utterly horrid of her! It makes my face burn for her whenever I think how utterly horrid she must have been!"

And the charming young woman's face flashed the utter horridness of the girl from Cattaraugus county, who was heavy on her mind just then.

"So, after she had made the card all ready this awful girl placed it simply in a cheese that was to be shipped away with lots and lots of other cheeses, and by and away it went. Now you mustn't think that because this silly thing wrote on that card that she had no lovers yet; that she couldn't have had one if she chose to, because she could, and a many a one, too! The idea! I guess she could! But, you see, the right one hadn't come yet. There was no young man who was good enough to know of the question. He didn't even know she existed—she, a little silly chit of a goose of a girl that made cheeses, and he rich and handsome and—well, anyhow, silly as she was, she had sense enough to put him out of her mind, though I do believe to this day that she kept some of him in her heart."

"Well, weeks and weeks and weeks went by after the foolish girl's horrid card had gone away buried in the cheese, and the more she thought about the young man she had asked of herself for having done it. Night after night she cried herself to sleep thinking over it—the silly thing! And she got to be so awful that she wished and wished that the car the cheese went away in had run off the track and smashed that cheese, or that something else terrible had happened to it. My! but she was desperate!"

One day, six weeks after the card had been smuggled away, it happened that the richest family in the town and the most delicious girl in the county were visiting in the city. They were from New York City, and they had to send to New York at once and order some of the city merchant filled the order from a lot of cheeses he had just received from England.

Ships have carried precious cargoes across sea I know, but no ship ever bore such precious freight as the one that brought that cheese from England! That is—I mean—so that silly cheese factory girl thinks. Because, one day, a little while after the rich family returned to New York, the English dairy cheese from New York City, she found a letter in the post office addressed to her. And oh, what do you think? It was from the son of that rich family—the nicest little letter! The writer said he had found that awful card—oh, no. He didn't say awful card. He said he had found the girl's card in an old English dairy cheese they had received from New York, and would she deign to let him call and see her? Would she deign to write to his father's house and see her. And he did. And he fell in love with her, the silly thing! And in three months they were married. And oh, how happy they were! And she was so happy ever since! But there will be no use for us to ask me who that horrid girl was. I wouldn't tell you, not for worlds!"

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

from the Chicago Tribune.

A recent bulletin issued by the department of agriculture contains important information on the value and use of leguminous plants for green manuring and for feeding. A chapter of the bulletin entitled "How Plants Get Nitrogen from the Air" is especially valuable, and is in part as follows: "The air we breathe is about four-fifths nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen."

Chautauqua county, too, and so they do in Allegany county, but our cheese is better than any that is made anywhere else, I am sure. And we make all kinds of cheeses. The best imported cheeses are made in Cattaraugus county—every kind of imported cheese. Of course, a good many imported cheeses are made in Chautauqua and Allegany counties, but, oh my! they are hardly worth thinking of by the side of ours.

"What we most pride ourselves on is English dairy cheese. Such lovely old English dairy cheese as we do make! This doesn't become old English dairy cheese, though, until it is sent to England and then shipped back to this country again. It is the same with our fine French, Swiss, German and other imported cheeses. They are made in Cattaraugus county, but they go over to the places they get their names from so they can be sent back to their native land genuinely imported. But, oh my! I shouldn't tell this! But, our cheese is so awfully good! Especially our English dairy cheese. Why don't you know, our best people up in Cattaraugus county never think of buying our own cheese until it goes to England and is imported to New York. Then they send to New York and buy English cheese, paying a great deal more for it than they could have bought it for right at home. My, yes! We are wrapped up so much in English cheese that we have grown to be quite English, up in Cattaraugus. Quite English."

"Well, of course there must be cheese factories to make all of these cheeses, and a great many girls work in these factories—the sweetest and freshest and prettiest girls! In Cattaraugus county, I mean. Perhaps it is the same in Chautauqua and Allegany, but I never heard of it. You just ought to know how sweet and fresh and pretty these cheese factory girls in Cattaraugus are! Well, once one of them—oh-h-h, my!"

Charming confusion mingled for a moment with the still deeper flush on the face of the vicious young woman from Cattaraugus county, but only for a moment.

"At least, I have heard people say that she was at that time, but my she has been married ever so long—nearly six months—and, perhaps, they wouldn't say so now! Well, anyhow, this girl—it'll do you no good to ask who she was. You couldn't induce me to tell, not for worlds! This girl worked in one of the cheese factories. In Cattaraugus county, remember. And what you suppose she did, good? Well, she could do anything she wanted to. She actually wrote her name and address on a card, with her age—which was only eighteen—and something about her face and figure. O, it was so silly of her! But it was only for a lark, don't you know? And then—the ridiculous creature—she wrote on the card, 'No Lover Yet.' O, it was too utterly horrid of her! It makes my face burn for her whenever I think how utterly horrid she must have been!"

And the charming young woman's face flashed the utter horridness of the girl from Cattaraugus county, who was heavy on her mind just then.

"So, after she had made the card all ready this awful girl placed it simply in a cheese that was to be shipped away with lots and lots of other cheeses, and by and away it went. Now you mustn't think that because this silly thing wrote on that card that she had no lovers yet; that she couldn't have had one if she chose to, because she could, and a many a one, too! The idea! I guess she could! But, you see, the right one hadn't come yet. There was no young man who was good enough to know of the question. He didn't even know she existed—she, a little silly chit of a goose of a girl that made cheeses, and he rich and handsome and—well, anyhow, silly as she was, she had sense enough to put him out of her mind, though I do believe to this day that she kept some of him in her heart."

"Well, weeks and weeks and weeks went by after the foolish girl's horrid card had gone away buried in the cheese, and the more she thought about the young man she had asked of herself for having done it. Night after night she cried herself to sleep thinking over it—the silly thing! And she got to be so awful that she wished and wished that the car the cheese went away in had run off the track and smashed that cheese, or that something else terrible had happened to it. My! but she was desperate!"

One day, six weeks after the card had been smuggled away, it happened that the richest family in the town and the most delicious girl in the county were visiting in the city. They were from New York City, and they had to send to New York at once and order some of the city merchant filled the order from a lot of cheeses he had just received from England.

Ships have carried precious cargoes across sea I know, but no ship ever bore such precious freight as the one that brought that cheese from England! That is—I mean—so that silly cheese factory girl thinks. Because, one day, a little while after the rich family returned to New York, the English dairy cheese from New York City, she found a letter in the post office addressed to her. And oh, what do you think? It was from the son of that rich family—the nicest little letter! The writer said he had found that awful card—oh, no. He didn't say awful card. He said he had found the girl's card in an old English dairy cheese they had received from New York, and would she deign to let him call and see her? Would she deign to write to his father's house and see her. And he did. And he fell in love with her, the silly thing! And in three months they were married. And oh, how happy they were! And she was so happy ever since! But there will be no use for us to ask me who that horrid girl was. I wouldn't tell you, not for worlds!"

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

from the Chicago Tribune.

A recent bulletin issued by the department of agriculture contains important information on the value and use of leguminous plants for green manuring and for feeding. A chapter of the bulletin entitled "How Plants Get Nitrogen from the Air" is especially valuable, and is in part as follows: "The air we breathe is about four-fifths nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen."

Chautauqua county, too, and so they do in Allegany county, but our cheese is better than any that is made anywhere else, I am sure. And we make all kinds of cheeses. The best imported cheeses are made in Cattaraugus county—every kind of imported cheese. Of course, a good many imported cheeses are made in Chautauqua and Allegany counties, but, oh my! they are hardly worth thinking of by the side of ours.

"What we most pride ourselves on is English dairy cheese. Such lovely old English dairy cheese as we do make! This doesn't become old English dairy cheese, though, until it is sent to England and then shipped back to this country again. It is the same with our fine French, Swiss, German and other imported cheeses. They are made in Cattaraugus county, but they go over to the places they get their names from so they can be sent back to their native land genuinely imported. But, oh my! I shouldn't tell this! But, our cheese is so awfully good! Especially our English dairy cheese. Why don't you know, our best people up in Cattaraugus county never think of buying our own cheese until it goes to England and is imported to New York. Then they send to New York and buy English cheese, paying a great deal more for it than they could have bought it for right at home. My, yes! We are wrapped up so much in English cheese that we have grown to be quite English, up in Cattaraugus. Quite English."

"Well, of course there must be cheese factories to make all of these cheeses, and a great many girls work in these factories—the sweetest and freshest and prettiest girls! In Cattaraugus county, I mean. Perhaps it is the same in Chautauqua and Allegany, but I never heard of it. You just ought to know how sweet and fresh and pretty these cheese factory girls in Cattaraugus are! Well, once one of them—oh-h-h, my!"

Charming confusion mingled for a moment with the still deeper flush on the face of the vicious young woman from Cattaraugus county, but only for a moment.

"At least, I have heard people say that she was at that time, but my she has been married ever so long—nearly six months—and, perhaps, they wouldn't say so now! Well, anyhow, this girl—it'll do you no good to ask who she was. You couldn't induce me to tell, not for worlds! This girl worked in one of the cheese factories. In Cattaraugus county, remember. And what you suppose she did, good? Well, she could do anything she wanted to. She actually wrote her name and address on a card, with her age—which was only eighteen—and something about her face and figure. O, it was so silly of her! But it was only for a lark, don't you know? And then—the ridiculous creature—she wrote on the card, 'No Lover Yet.' O, it was too utterly horrid of her! It makes my face burn for her whenever I think how utterly horrid she must have been!"

And the charming young woman's face flashed the utter horridness of the girl from Cattaraugus county, who was heavy on her mind just then.

"So, after she had made the card all ready this awful girl placed it simply in a cheese that was to be shipped away with lots and lots of other cheeses, and by and away it went. Now you mustn't think that because this silly thing wrote on that card that she had no lovers yet; that she couldn't have had one if she chose to, because she could, and a many a one, too! The idea! I guess she could! But, you see, the right one hadn't come yet. There was no young man who was good enough to know of the question. He didn't even know she existed—she, a little silly chit of a goose of a girl that made cheeses, and he rich and handsome and—well, anyhow, silly as she was, she had sense enough to put him out of her mind, though I do believe to this day that she kept some of him in her heart."

"Well, weeks and weeks and weeks went by after the foolish girl's horrid card had gone away buried in the cheese, and the more she thought about the young man she had asked of herself for having done it. Night after night she cried herself to sleep thinking over it—the silly thing! And she got to be so awful that she wished and wished that the car the cheese went away in had run off the track and smashed that cheese, or that something else terrible had happened to it. My! but she was desperate!"

One day, six weeks after the card had been smuggled away, it happened that the richest family in the town and the most delicious girl in the county were visiting in the city. They were from New York City, and they had to send to New York at once and order some of the city merchant filled the order from a lot of cheeses he had just received from England.

Ships have carried precious cargoes across sea I know, but no ship ever bore such precious freight as the one that brought that cheese from England! That is—I mean—so that silly cheese factory girl thinks. Because, one day, a little while after the rich family returned to New York, the English dairy cheese from New York City, she found a letter in the post office addressed to her. And oh, what do you think? It was from the son of that rich family—the nicest little letter! The writer said he had found that awful card—oh, no. He didn't say awful card. He said he had found the girl's card in an old English dairy cheese they had received from New York, and would she deign to let him call and see her? Would she deign to write to his father's house and see her. And he did. And he fell in love with her, the silly thing! And in three months they were married. And oh, how happy they were! And she was so happy ever since! But there will be no use for us to ask me who that horrid girl was. I wouldn't tell you, not for worlds!"

LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

from the Chicago Tribune.

A recent bulletin issued by the department of agriculture contains important information on the value and use of leguminous plants for green manuring and for feeding. A chapter of the bulletin entitled "How Plants Get Nitrogen from the Air" is especially valuable, and is in part as follows: "The air we breathe is about four-fifths nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen."

Chautauqua county, too, and so they do in Allegany county, but our cheese is better than any that is made anywhere else, I am sure. And we make all kinds of cheeses. The best imported cheeses are made in Cattaraugus county—every kind of imported cheese. Of course, a good many imported cheeses are made in Chautauqua and Allegany counties, but, oh my! they are hardly worth thinking of by the side of ours.

"What we most pride ourselves on is English dairy cheese. Such lovely old